UNITY

FREEDOM FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

Editors

John Haynes Holmes Francis Neilson

What Is Truth?

By JESSE H. HOLMES

Do We Need World Organization?

By CHARLES F. DOLE

The Present Crisis: The Repercussions of the League

By BRENT DOW ALLINSON

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JOHN HAYNES HOLMES : *Editors* : FRANCIS NEILSON

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. XCI THURSDAY, AUGUST 16, 1923 NUMBER 22

WORLD-PROGRESS

Stately, and solemn, and slow,
The billows roll in on the beach—
Yet deepen the streams as they flow,
Till far up the meadows they reach.

Slowly the nations respond
To poet and prophet and seer—
Yet signal that farther beyond
Shall open earth's glorious year.

Rivers that swell with the tides
Must sink when the waters retreat—
But waves that humanity rides
Remain with their blessing complete.

JAMES HARCOURT WEST.

For the first time since the organization of the Unity Fellowship, the Editors have to announce a change in membership. For reasons incident to important work now in hand, as well as to urgent personal responsibilities, Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer, one of the great women of America, for years an influential leader for peace, equal rights for women and numerous constructive social reforms, author of important books, and public speaker and teacher of exceptional power, has been obliged to resign her place as a member of the Fellowship. At our especial request, she has consented to continue her association with UNITY as one of our Editorial Contributors. Mrs. Spencer is one of the oldest friends of this paper, and was for years a friend and colleague of Jenkin Lloyd Jones. We have accepted her resignation from the Fellowship with profound regret; but rejoice that we are still to have the great advantage of her counsel and of occasional contributions from her pen.

In succession to Mrs. Spencer as a member of the Unity Fellowship, the Editors have the honor and pleasure of announcing that they have secured Miss Zona Gale, known to the public at large as one of the most distinguished of our American novelists and as winner of the Pulitzer Prize for 1921 for her dramatization of her famous story, "Miss Lulu Bett," and especially to our readers as one of our most interested, able and active Editorial Contributors. Miss Gale's name lends such lustre to anything with which it is associated, that we may perhaps be pardoned for cherishing with peculiar gratitude the words which, with characteristic generosity and self-effacement, she has written us:

> The invitation to join the Unity Fellowship is one that I prize more than I can tell you. . . . I will of course accept, with my appreciation of the honor which you do me, and the hope that I may be able to be of some small use.

A trusted friend and admirer of Jenkin Lloyd Jones, thoroughly in sympathy with the spirit and ideals of UNITY, Miss Gale brings to us strength, vision, high purpose, and distinguished ability, of which we herewith make grateful recognition.

Long before this issue of UNITY can be printed and distributed, everything that can be said in comment on the death of Mr. Harding, will have been said. There is nothing that we can add, nor would detract. By the time this note appears, however, the political aspects of the event will have succeeded upon the personal and official. From this standpoint, we find ourselves searching American history in vain to find an instance of a sudden death bringing such immediate and sweeping political changes. It looks to us as though, in a night, so to speak, (1) the Democratic Party had lost its excellent chance of carrying the 1924 election, (2) the Republican liberals and radicals secured an open road to the control of their party organization and the winning of the next presidency, and (3) the Henry Ford boom had been snuffed out like a dowsed candle. What Calvin Coolidge may do to change these prospects, no man can say; but we wish him well.

Here are some statements recently made by a traveler just returned from a six months' visit to Europe, as reported in the July 24th issue of the New York *Times*, page 3:

> Conditions in the various countries (are) in a more chaotic state than they were a year ago.
>
> The situation (in the Ruhr) is far more serious than the majority of the American people are aware of.
>
> France has not the slightest intention of paying one cent of her war debt to the United States.
>
> France is frankly after Germany's life-blood. . . . Everywhere in France the individual says: "No matter what offer Germany makes, we won't accept it." The attitude of the Government is apparently the same.
>
> France as a nation is broke. She is frank about it, and smiles when mention is made of paying her debts.
>
> The great difficulty (in Europe) is that the nations of Europe do not trust one another and until they do conditions are going to continue from bad to worse.

It would seem to be evident, from such statements as these, that this traveler is either a deliberate pessimist, seeking to make the world-situation just as black as

possible; or else is a pro-German, trying to save Germany from the just penalty of her crimes; or perhaps is a "red" radical seeing the world through the spectacles of one hungry for the destruction of civilization. It is just possible, of course, that the man is an honest observer, reporting real facts which he refuses to ignore even for the sake of his own greater personal comfort. We leave our readers to draw their own inference when we say that our traveler is George M. Reynolds, Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Continental and Commercial National Bank of Chicago.

UNITY has not been over-enthusiastic of late about affairs in France. Especially have we been critical of French governmental policies. Hence the unbounded delight with which we hail a piece of news which was recently cabled across the Atlantic from Paris! It seems that some of our fine democratic American tourists, representatives abroad of a nation "dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal," have been objecting to certain Negroes whom they have chanced to meet in their travels. Finding themselves on occasion seated beside black men in the restaurants and the railroad carriages, these tourists have manifested the feelings characteristic of free-born Americans under such circumstances, and have even demanded that they be relieved of the insulting presence of members of an inferior race. At home, in most parts of the country at least, American citizens are protected from this sort of loathsome experience. Negroes are taught, or forced, to keep their place! But in France, they do things differently. Negroes are recognized not only as human beings but actually as citizens having equal rights with all other citizens, even whites. Hearing of the rows being made by Americans, the French government issued an official notice, short and to the point:

> Foreign tourists, forgetting they are our guests and therefore bound to respect our customs and laws, recently on several occasions have forcibly manifested their aversion to seeing colored men, born in the French colonies, sit by their side in public places. They even have gone to the length of demanding their expulsion in insulting terms. If such incidents are repeated punishment will be exacted.

"If such incidents are repeated punishment will be exacted!" The whites punished, mind you, for insulting Negroes, and not vice versa!! Three cheers for France!!! So deeply do we feel on this question, and so fundamental do we think the question itself to the higher destinies of humanity, that we find it easy to forgive France nearly everything that has happened since Versailles, for this one deed. One Georgian or Alabaman in a French prison for insulting a Negro would wipe the slate clean for us.

We know nothing about the row in the Philippines, except that it is just the kind of row that we would expect to break out in the regime of such a man as Gen. Leonard Wood. In saying this, we imply no prejudice against Gen. Wood as an individual; we simply have in mind the fact that this officer is a soldier of the more extreme militaristic type, who would sooner or later be sure to get into trouble with a people who are showing the passion for political independence now characteristic of the Filipinos. Of course, in the particular case in controversy, it may be that the Governor-General is right. We are frank to say that, in all the accounts that we have read of the matter, this seems to be the fact. Such conclusion, however, if correct, does not in any way touch the general problem which has for years now been before the country. When the islands were taken over from Spain, definite promise of independence was given by the United States. In the generation that has passed since annexation, remarkable and we believe sincere efforts have been made to educate the people, extend their institutions of self-government, and in general prepare them for taking over the control of their own destinies as a nation. Now comes the last step—always the hardest to take!—of actually fulfilling the promise made; and America hangs back. The situation is difficult, nay intolerable, just to the extent that we ourselves have created the expectation which now we disappoint. Of course, such a situation can be settled in only one way. Not by the imposition of military dictatorships on the one side, nor by impatient resignations and revolts upon the other, but by that mutual conference and concession now so impressively urged by the old rebel chieftain, Aguinaldo! The Filipinos, of course, must be granted freedom; and we believe that, whatever the mistakes of the moment, America will not repudiate her word.

The amazing vogue of that uniquely inane song, "Yes, we have no bananas," may well be subject for prolonged and serious cogitation. What does it mean when such a song, which has not the slightest trace of merit in either words or music, suddenly attains a popularity which makes it familiar in every walk of life from one end of the country to the other? There must be some secret of such success; and, seeking for it in all earnestness, we cannot find it in anything other than the supposed joke that is to be found in the close juxtaposition of an affirmative and a negative in the title line, *"Yes,* we have *no* bananas." It is this which has apparently caught the popular fancy. But, for the life of us, we cannot "see" the joke! Here is a sentence—"Yes, we have no bananas"—which is grammatically correct to a point of nicety. It expresses the idea to be conveyed with an accuracy and precision which few persons ever attain in their everyday speech. It is the kind of sentence which a Henry James or a Walter Pater might have written with satisfaction. And this is supposed to be a joke!! And of course, when you come to think of it, it *is* a joke

to the millions who, when required to express this particular idea, would invariably say, "No, we ain't got no bananas." Here is the fact which makes so significant the vogue of this ridiculous song. The prevailing enthusiasm over the ditty reveals, as by a lightning flash, the standards of popular education now established in this country. It shows what we know and what we don't know—what amuses us and what bores us. It explains the movies, the vaudeville stage, the comic strips in the newspapers, the novels of Harold Bell Wright, the revival campaigns of "Billy" Sunday, the presidential candidacy of Henry Ford, the anti-evolution stunt of Mr. Bryan, the Elks and the Shriners, the Ku Klux Klan, the "red" mania, 100 per cent Americanism, the state of the nation, the problem of democracy, the decline of civilization. Take this song for all that it means, and you have before you the whole of contemporary life.

The above is one side of it—and a momentously true side! But there's another side not to be forgotten or ignored, easily illustrated by such a phenomenon as the continued vogue of James Harvey Robinson's book, "The Mind in the Making." This study of "the relation of intelligence to social reform," written by a great scholar, in admirable style, but without the slightest concession to popular whims and fancies, was published as long ago as 1921, and every month since (we understand) has been listed among the best sellers. No serious book of our time has sold so largely or been read so widely. We have seen it on innumerable tables in the East and Middle West; we went to a rough bungalow in a remote corner of the woods of Maine, and found it on a pineboard shelf; we journeyed to Russia, and discovered a fellow-traveler reading it on the Soviet train. And the vogue continues—in this late summer of 1923, it shows no signs of letting up! "The Mind in the Making" is a great book. It requires a back-ground of trained intelligence for its understanding. It exacts an open and tolerant mind for its appreciation. It contains no vulgarities or inanities, and salutes no prejudices of any kind. An austere and uncompromising study of a profound problem, it moves from beginning to end on high levels where only the rarefied atmosphere of honest thought can be breathed. And yet, the book is popular! It has become the fashion in literature, as "Yes, we have no bananas" is the fashion in popular songs. Such a phenomenon makes for exceeding hope and cheer. The world is not lost, nor men to be despised, while such a thing can be. The facts of life, after all, are infinitely complex, and are to be seen as such.

What Is Truth?

The writer has been traveling in the Middle West, visiting a large number of towns where there are eduational institutions partly or wholly under the control of Christian Churches. He has had talks with members of the faculties of small denominational colleges and with pastors of churches who were watching them keenly. The situation ought to be an impossible one and is a deplorable one. The members of college forces of instruction are harassed and timid, recognizing fully that they are not engaged as experts to study and tell the truth as nearly as possible, but rather to study and prove the "truth" of the positions held by a narrow and ignorant majority. A typical pastor of one of the small churches which make up the majority of the great church machines said to me:

> These hard-working people spend their dollars to support these colleges and they have a right to have their own opinions taught to their children. If these teachers can't teach what they are expected to teach they ought to get out!

It sounds so plausible, too. You are buying teaching—have you not the right to specify the kind you will buy?

The answer to this question turns on the old problem, shall we have truth for authority or authority for truth? If the latter, who shall choose the authority? The "fundamentalist" decides that authority shall settle "truth," which is no longer to be found by study of the world, but only by application to authority: and the deep seated absurdity of the position is evident when it appears, as it must appear, that each "fundamentalist" is himself the final authority, and, though he will deny this when clearly expressed, he believes himself to be an infallible authority in all essentials.

Of course the claim as to authority is that it rests on an infallible Bible. The pastor quoted above made this claim, and when challenged with such passages as, "Unless a man hate his father and mother he cannot be my disciple," and "Resist not him that is evil," he fell back on "common sense," which proved ultimately and under pressure to be *his* common sense. Yet he could not—or would not—see that in claiming the right of interpretation he necessarily yielded his whole case. When questioned as to Jesus' attitude on war, as contrasted with that of the church, he appealed at once to the Old Testament and so claimed the right of selection, as well as interpretation. Of course, therefore, if there is any infallibility left it must be his own. And in fact this is the only possible claim of inerrancy. For the truth does not consist in *verbal symbols*—of which any claim of inerrancy is meaningless—but in *meanings*: and the only inerrancy that counts is that which infallibly brings to the mind of the reader the correct *meaning*. Of course, the reader is therefore the ultimate authority.

Curiously enough we have here another case of the meeting of extremes. For the liberal also looks to the individual to choose what he needs from the Bible and

other writings and to interpret what he chooses. The difference—and it is a vast difference—lies in the fact that the liberal claims no finality. His "truth" is temporary and experimental, always open to test. And this brings us to the really fundamental question—what is this final test? Pilate's question comes again, and we ask, "What is truth?" I believe there can be no more wholesome intellectual experience than to try to answer this question; and I shall attempt more than one answer because in fact the word means several different things and is tested several different ways.

The "truth" to the mathematician is whatever logically follows from his assumed postulates or axioms. His axioms he selects as "self-evident truth," which means no more than that he has no occasion to doubt them or even that he does not choose to question them. He undertakes to make a closed system, wholly consistent with itself. Its "proof" is to show that the thing "proved" follows necessarily from the axioms. As a matter of fact mathematics deals wholly with an imaginary world in which there are straight lines, plane surfaces, and equal units. We can only make it apply to reality by ignoring the universal variation of the actual world from the mathematical world: for this actual world has no straight lines, no plane surfaces, no equal units. Mathematical truth, then, is consistency with an artificial set of axioms. It has always been a most attractive kind of truth because it seems so fixed and unalterable. And we easily ignore the fact that it seems so only because it is kept from vulgar contact with the actual world. The "orthodox" member of the church machine would like to adopt the mathematical definition and make an artificially simplified world of his own in which only consistency with his "revealed" axioms is truth. So he announces his axioms: inerrant Bible, virgin birth, miracles, resurrection, offended deity, plan of salvation. These, for him, are to be accepted as the axioms of his system of truth and are not to be questioned. The rest of "truth" so far as it has any value, consists of theorems, corollaries, and scholia deduced from the axioms. Of course his difficulties at once appear when his axioms are questioned; for there *is* no proof to be had of any of them, and he is therefore especially indignant at being asked for proof. He has no objection to science and scientific method if unrelated to his system; but unfortunately they cannot be kept separate.

Scientific "truth" is a simple formulation of repeated experience: as a "law" of gravitation, or of falling bodies. Nearly always experience is simplified by ignoring minor differences and concentrating attention on likeness. The world is entirely too complicated to be endured in actual happening; but by artificially simplifying we get a world simple enough to be understood and to be used. Thus we get "laws" which tell us how things would act if it were not for other "laws"; and enable ourselves sufficiently to foresee the course of events as to keep ourselves reasonably safe for our lifetimes. The mathematical element enters in largely and helpfully, being grafted upon observation and experiment, mainly for purposes of exploration and simplification.

Historical "truth" is again different. It cannot be tested; for time runs only one way, and the actual course of the world is too complicated for the test of consistency to be fully applied. Historical truth therefore can never be "known" as mathematical truth or scientific truth may (the former by consistency, the latter by experiment). Historical truth can never be more than a certain relation between probability and evidence. Probability implies that most fundamental of scientific axioms, the uniformity of nature—that what has been under given conditions will be again under like conditions. Things that are likely need very little evidence; improbable things call for a great deal. Doubtless many improbable things have happened of which little evidence is available: the honest historian will not accept them. Doubtless many probable things have failed to happen—it may be our duty to believe them as a matter of intellectual probity. Historical "truth" can never be the basis of present certainties. On the contrary it is the present which must test the past, since the present can be observed and tested. Here lies the utter fallacy, the impossibility of the "fundamentalist"—so far from being fundamental he is absolutely superficial. He demands that we take untestable and improbable events in history from varying and unknown authorities, as tests for the accuracy of present and repeatable test and observation. Of course these statements have not gone to the bottom of the question. Probably if we persistently followed on to terminus we would find that the ultimate test of the right and true lies in the contribution of the given act or theory to human life and happiness. For human life and happiness are the only real and final values.

JESSE H. HOLMES.

Do We Need World Organization?

We say much about World Organization. Let us, however, beware or we shall merely be carrying on the barbarous momentum of the old-world autocratic notion of government. Do we really desire for the future of mankind a vast polyglot government, after the fashion of what for the most part we have had in the United States? We can hardly to this day crowd out of our minds the idea that a national government exists for the purpose of defense against enemies at home and abroad. For this end we have always ex-

pended the larger part of the money of our general government! Will anyone tell us what good it has done our people? Have enemies ever threatened to enslave us? What enemies have we ever had whom the conduct of our own government has not created? Of course, it was never good for us to have been born as a nation in the throes of a desolating war with our kindred in England. We were born in prejudice and fear, and hate, with an ugly slant of mind therefore towards the habitual use of violence. Thus, violence led to more violence, and suspicion to more of the same, and one war to another war.

Suppose now that the nation had been well born, with no corrupting fear and hatred at the start, and suppose that our fathers had possessed the courage deliberately to publish to the world that the entire business of our government was the common welfare, and having thus nothing to do with enemies, we proposed to cut out of our public equipment the hitherto customary provision for threatening and fighting enemies, since nothing would induce us to injure people or invade and attack the territory of our neighbors. What peril would have beset us? Let no objector cry out that we do not understand the working of human nature. Indeed such an objection really reveals an unthinking ignorance of human nature. The point to which we are coming, however, is, that, when you leave out all the incendiary material that leads to war, and the vast official forces altogether devoted to the cult of war, and the unfriendly custom-houses and tariffs, which restrain peoples from free intercourse with one another, you do not need a very costly or complicated system of administration, and much less of laws, in order to provide the people of your towns and states with all such service as they cannot as well or better furnish for themselves on their own responsibility. We doubt whether this bigger organization ought to be called a *government?* You would like it all the better, if no one ever was obliged to swear allegiance to it.

Ask now squarely for what grand common purposes we need an aggregation of all the peoples of the world? We apprehend that people, who are booming this huge international organization, are still largely hypnotized with the idea that it is intended to protect us all from the perils of war. Perils in what direction? From vast savage hordes swarming over our borders, as in the days of Attila? Not at all. The only perils are from one another. We are afraid of Russia; we have treated her ill, and people are always afraid of those whom they have injured. We are afraid of autocratic France, as France is still afraid of the results of her own cruel conduct towards Germany. Little nations are apt to be nervous about imperialistic Great Britain. Most curious of all, our imperialistic United States is the object of apprehension and scant love. She would go to war and kill innocent strangers in order to enforce the payment of a debt! At least she gives reason for this fear. What kind of a League of Nations is it, when each carries guns and looks with suspicious eyes upon the others?

We repeat the question: What do we want the world organization to do for us that we cannot do better ourselves? Do we expect it to impose a Volstead Act on all creation, and proceed to enforce it with a body of international police? No! We really wish one thing, namely, to take away the fear and the burden of war. Neither do we see how we shall effect this by asking a room-full of jurists to codify international law. The world is not suffering for codes of laws, which always provoke fractious men to misunderstanding and quarreling. It is good will that we want; this is least of all things to be found in the State Departments of haughty Powers. Neither is it enough to pass votes and constitute war a "crime," if we only make it a crime for other and lesser nations, but not for ourselves, and if we propose to keep enough war power in our hands to punish the wicked nations who break our rules. How can we ever outlaw war by a declaration against it; so long as we insist upon our right to be prepared to fight a "righteous war" of our own?

We seem finally to be shut up to one way of outlawing war. This is not to vote that other peoples' wars are henceforth wicked but that all and every war is wicked, and to agree, since this work of killing our fellow men collectively is wicked, that we will do it no more, in short, that whether or not England or France or Japan or Germany stand ready to "sacrifice" their armies and navies for the common good, and so to remove fear of themselves from the minds of their neighbors, we in America at any rate will do what we desire the others to do, and will henceforth remove the load of fear which we at present cause to all the others. From now on they shall be assured that we shall never arm our young men, or construct war-ships and airplanes, or make poison gases, with which to destroy human beings. There shall be one nation at least which shall be "safe for democracy." Who will hurt us, when we renounce altogether the means of hurting others? Or, how can you have a League of Nations till at least one nation has enough respect for our common humanity to stop threatening its neighbors with war, and enough courage to dare to do right?

In short we shall have "good society" among the nations, as we have it among our townspeople, as soon as, and no faster than, we drop our scowls and suspicions, and turn our best selves to each other, and prescribe the fewest possible rules, and make the least pretense to bind or compel anyone's membership. So far as we need any organization, must it not be quite flexible—as opposite as possible from the common idea of a government, indeed, a sort of "gentlemen's agreement"?

CHARLES F. DOLE.

Jottings

Here is a golden text from Jacob Wassermann's "The World's Illusion" (volume II, page 394): "The world of the sons must rise up against the world of the fathers, if any change is to be wrought." By the way, this is a stupendous book. Read it!

Every day the Ruhr adds testimony to the efficacy of non-resistance—its infinite superiority to force and violence as a defensive weapon. Says Mr. Alfred Barnes, M. P., recently returned from the Ruhr:

> Passive resistance is complete in every section of industrial life in the Ruhr. . . . One of the greatest hopes for the future is that the people are learning that an attitude of peaceful obstruction is more powerful than the gun and the bayonet.

General Pershing expresses his wish that women would refuse to marry men who have not had military training. We have long wished that women would refuse to marry men who would go to war under any circumstances. It is probable that Pershing's wish will be fulfilled about as soon as ours—and our wish about as soon as his. Women, somehow or other, insist upon marrying for other reasons than those of abstract principle.

The Baptist World Alliance calls upon mankind to "quench the worship of military heroes." Amen, say we! And perhaps men are more ready to do this than we imagine. It cheered us the other day to sit in a great movie theatre, and watch General Pershing cavort through his tiresome performances, and get not a single hand from an audience which was otherwise enthusiastic.

Every once in a while we have to note in these columns the achievement of a new "height of the ridiculous." An amazing new record was surely registered when the Institute of Politics at Williamstown invited Boris A. Bakhmeteff, Russian ambassador under Kerensky, to give the facts about Russia and the Soviet Government today. If anything funnier than this ever happened, we should like to know what it is.

Mr. Gompers is "agin" recognition of Russia, because the Soviet Government tolerates no free press, refuses to pay its Tsarist debts, and fosters propaganda "hostile to foreign governments." These are interesting tests. If lived up to, our Government would have to withdraw recognition from Great Britain, which allows no free press in nine-tenths of its dominion; and from France and Italy, which have no intention of paying their debts to American taxpayers. As for propaganda "hostile to foreign governments," our State Department is in the business all the time as regards Russia, and should therefore properly refuse to recognize itself.

Good news comes from Illinois in the action taken by the town of Matamora to unite its five church organizations—Presbyterian, Baptist, Methodist, Congregationalist and Christian. These are now combined in a single "Consolidated Church." Every such movement as this in the direction of community religion makes the more absurd the continuance of our existing denominations another day.

President Harding's illness and death make prominent again the question as to the capacity of any man, old enough to secure election to the presidency, to carry the physical strain of the office. The time would seem to have come at least to relieve the President of transcontinental tours, reception of Shriners and other "boosters," and perpetual posing for photographers.

J. H. H.

An Observer in Berlin

Editorial Correspondence.

Arnold Wolfers is an interesting Swiss, born in Zurich, getting a Doctorate in Law from Zurich University ("Dr." seems almost as essential in Germany as a tail to a dog) and now has lived three years in Berlin. He kindly agreed to dine with me and give me the benefit of his thought. He had just come up from Leipzig, where he had lectured to a group of students on "Socialism: Its Religious Aspects." He said first of all, that among the younger socialists there was a distinct dissatisfaction with pure materialistic socialism: that they were ready to listen earnestly to a more spiritual interpretation of life.

He first of all told briefly the story of the religious socialists of Switzerland, many of whom, during the war, had gathered around the leadership of Dr. Julius Schmeidhauser of Zurich. When the war broke, in 1914, and for two years afterwards the students of Switzerland—especially in German-Switzerland—were strongly pro-German, and were enthusiastic for German "Culture," as over against Russian "barbarism" and French "sensualism." They were gradually disillusioned. Then came a great wave of "Wilsonism," and it was hoped that the Swiss students might be in the vanguard of a movement in Europe against militarism. Great disappointment, however, followed the Treaty of Versailles and they found that "Wilsonism" had not gone to the root of the trouble, which was the social question. They found capitalism to be the source of the trouble. In 1918, these Swiss students went in for the general strike, and thus split from democracy to socialism. Lenin and communism had a big following. Then came a movement, holding that

the whole bourgeois society was found defective, as proved by the world war. The Russian Revolution proved to be a disappointment, because it seemed also to be pervaded with the spirit of domination. This drove them on to believe that there must come a new religious mind, and led to a movement in Switzerland and Germany, known as religious socialism. The general life of Switzerland, however, he said, was in a low state of reaction and despondency —spiritually and economically.

When asked about "conditions in Germany," Dr. Wolfers said that "the workers are the best off," in point of food, although the unskilled worker is below the minimum. Public employees have a living standard somewhat similar to that of the unskilled. The higher professions—teachers, doctors, lawyers, preachers, too—are badly off.

"Could Germany feed and support herself, if her resources were wisely organized?" I asked him. His reply was to the effect that the peasants, constituting one-fifth of the population, are near rich. Their wealth is exaggerated, and agrarian production has gone back. In the cultivation of large estates, there is lack of capital. Monopoly is strong in Germany, and monopoly does not yield the best results in production. Speculation is rife, even among artists and other professional classes. There is great need of help for science and industry. There is fear for example that the supply of skilled engineering cannot be maintained.

"The Peasants of Germany," he added, "are militaristic and are easily stirred to war. The leadership in militarism and nationalism is found in the universities, for the simple reason that the military times were the best for them. As to the churches, they are on the side of monarchy and nationalism. There are a few, very few, of the younger clergymen who are liberal and democratic. The Catholic Church is, however, more influenced by the labor program. The 'Youth Movement' is in opposition to degenerate big-town civilization. It stands for sound community life of the people, and is also a back-to-the-land movement. The Youth Movement is one of emotionalists, but is probably the incubator of the leaders of the new Germany, and therefore contains life. The idea of 'leadership' is very strong in Germany; also the 'guild' conception of social organization."

When asked what America could do for Europe at this time, Dr. Wolfers replied that America could give to Germany its "young enthusiasm" and its spirit of "getting out of a hard situation" and of "not looking back to the middle ages for inspiration."

"America," he added, "can try to grasp those things that live in Germany's soul, which do not conform to Anglo-Saxon ideas. The German conception of Government, for example, is not parliamentary-democracy; it is much like soviets, and even more like guilds. Germans look upon the Government as an organism, instead of something mechanical. Germany should be looked upon by America as a bridge to an understanding of Russia and the East." Dr. Wolfers felt that there was hope in the religious socialists of Germany.

You will be interested in a visit I paid yesterday to a working girls' school. I was taken in tow by Dr. Anna Siemsen. As I had to be in her office by 8:50 a. m. I had a chance to see the workers in the streets on their way to work. I am told that more are walking to work than ever before for want of the fare. I quite believe this, because I certainly saw thousands and thousands on the pavements. I am cautioned that one cannot estimate a Berlin man's poverty by the outside, but as far as clothes and buildings go, Berlin's street population does not appear needy.

The school I visited was for girls (there is no co-education in Germany) from 14 to 15½. They started at 8 a. m. and continued for six hours, with one recess for eating and recreation. These girls had "finished school" and gone into factories, and had their half days of training each week. They would probably go to the factory in the afternoon. They were drawing, sewing, cutting out clothes, etc. They looked like other children—pretty good to me.

In two rooms (the pupils all rise when teacher or visitor enters—a custom I'd hit hard if I had a chance) I took the opportunity of asking and answering questions. Seeing a big wall-map, I asked someone to point out America. A girl came forward, with a pointer, which she moved around North America, then South America (for there is more than one "America"), the pointer waved at the right place. A call for New York brought immediate response, likewise Washington, D. C. "San Francisco" was a wavering place on the map; but "Seattle" was received with blank expression. In turn they pumped me. Question No. 1, "What does it cost to go to America?" I said, "One hundred dollars" amidst a chorus of exclamations; No. 2, "How long does it take?" I replied "Ships are like girls, some slow, some swift, but it takes about 10 days to New York." They asked me about American schools; also how I liked Berlin. When I said "fine" they replied, why don't you stay? and I said I could not "speak German well enough," and besides I had "some children and grandchildren in America." Finally one girl said, "Have you got a dollar with you?" Everybody laughed, and I was in for it; for I happened to have one in my vest-pocket. I first pretended to search for it out of one of my shoes; they laughed; and when I handed it—with pictures of Lincoln and Grant on it—to the first girl, it was tenderly, almost reverently handed around as if it had been a message from heaven, for there is no word so frequently on the lips of Germans today as the word "dollar." I instantly saw that I'd never get the dollar back—and keep my respect. So I said "It is yours." There was a whole glee-club in action, I never got more music for a dollar than in this school. When I asked, "What would you like to do with it?" two or three immediately said, with others joining, "Give it to the Ruhr." In that one answer, I got a dollar's worth of intelligence on German public opinion. "No," I said, "I wish you would spend it for yourselves," and they agreed to choose a committee of three to determine how it should be spent.

I liked these girls, when I saw them in lively mental action. They were eager, quick, bright and intelligent. When I saw near a hundred of them on the play-ground —not big, yet 70 feet square—and noticed they locked arms in groups of four and slowly walked around, I did not like it, for it looked like a funeral procession. I made this remark to the supervisor, and she said the girls didn't have strength to play.

I learned much in the visit, and I'd like to see the teachers—for a change of menu—stand as the scholars enter. I told one class of girls—it was treason I fear—that "in America the children trained their parents—and that was the reason why America had such fine parents!"

Berlin, Germany. SYDNEY STRONG.

The Present Crisis: The Repercussions of the League

III.

There is an important aspect of the question of the entrance of the United States into the Geneva League, or any political league of nations predominantly European in character, to which thoughtful Americans with an eye to the future of civilization in the United States must needs give very serious consideration. It is the emotional and political repercussions in the United States which the official and permanent participation of the United States Government in the vortex of European affairs would inevitably produce.

We are not a homogeneous country, in spite of prohibition, the Colonial Dames, the D. A. R., the British Empire Association, the Sentinels of the Republic, the Minute Men of the Constitution, the Vigilantes, the Fascisti, and numerous other more or less obstreperous flag-flaunting fraternities and sororities whose name is legion, who like to think they represent the American people by repeating or inventing a portion of their rhetorical tradition. That fact, the fact of American heterogeneity, is at once a political and cultural debility and impoverishment, and a source of potential cultural breadth and richness. Sociologists and practitioners of social welfare have long recognized it. The paroxysms and fevered hallucinations of the World War, from which we are only now emerging, shook the United States to its cultural foundations. Indeed, it sundered those foundations, temporarily at least; splintered our genial folk-ways; and alienated and embittered in ways subtle and tragic millions of American citizens of German and Austrian extraction who had, until the precipitation of that painful event, felt themselves at home in our newer and friendlier fields of life and labor. The war shattered the illusion, or destroyed the fact of their emotional identity and unquestioned loyalty in the complex body of American life and reduced them to the exile of aliens once again. It was a kind of psychological devolution or disintegration infinitely tragic in its effects. Suddenly, through no action of their own, these men and women found themselves suspected, outcast, hated and rejected, stigmatized in public and private as potential or actual enemies of the society in which they had lived and to whose prosperity they had contributed by their industry and solidity as welcome citizens for many years. All of this painful disintegration of American life came about as a direct result of a political event—the declaration of war—which was not only not any of their doing but which the German-Americans, so far as they were active at all, did everything in their power to prevent, as was wholly natural and proper. Their loyalty, and the loyalty of many other millions from other foreign lands to the United States, lay in the psychological fact that it had never been questioned, that it had always been possible to be a good American citizen and still to hold fast to the rich memories and affections of cultural inheritance in their homelands which they had perforce left behind them but whose culture they had never renounced in their pursuit of material prosperity in a new continent. The consequences of this war-time devolution in America have been deeply disastrous to the unity, to the sense of solidarity and happiness of American life, and destructive to the whole tone and quality of civilization in the United States. It is hardly too much to say that the European war became, after April 6, 1917, a kind of civil war in the United States from whose wounds and bitterness we have not yet recovered. No people in Europe, however much they may have suffered physically, ever suffered a greater subversion and tarnishing of its cultural standards and political ideals, and a greater loss of its moral integrity, than did the American people in the Great Madness.

What would happen now if the American government should take sides in the quarrel between Poland and Lithuania over the possession of the ancient Lithuanian capital, or between Hungary and Roumania over the prize of Siebenbürgen and the fertile farms of Transylvania, or between Italy and the Jugo-Slavs over Albania and the Dalmatian coast, or, to stretch a point, between England and the Irish Free State over Ulster? Would not millions upon millions of American Poles and Lithuanians and Hungarians and Roumanians and Italians and Slavs and Irish and English be set into hostility against each other throughout the United States? Would there not be something like a new civil war in the United States, and in American politics in particular, with every outbreak of major dissension in Europe, if the government at Washington were a member of a European political Sanhedrin to which the quarrels had been referred for an award? Would not the disputants and their friends and relatives throughout the United States bend every effort known to propaganda and to party politics to "capture" or control the American delegation to the League of Nations which would be authorized to cast the powerful vote of the American government for or against them?

Instead of laboring under one great racial problem —a problem which is as old as the American nation, which has precipitated the most sanguinary and devastating war in our history, and which is the perennial source of much lawlessness and violence, to our national humiliation—would we not, by entering the Geneva League of Nations, gratuitously invite into our politics and newspapers and forums and into our very homes a dozen exasperating European problems and feuds, exacerbating racial antipathies and national antagonisms which millions of our citizens have tried to forget and have found increased happiness in America in the measure that they have been able to forget them? With what unity or assurance can the American people interpose their influence and supposed impartiality into the settlement of Old World disputes by the political methods of the League of Nations—methods certain to be accused of partiality or worse by the dissatisfied and the dispossessed? What would, of course, happen would be that the most powerful or cunning national group in the United States would gain the upper hand in some Administration and proceed to act in the name of the American people and of Democracy and Everlasting Righteousness in a way which, in all probability, would leave large masses of other Americans with a conviction of being betrayed and defeated, and a sense of embitterment and of dispossession. Can America survive the repetition at intervals of the tragedy of the last five years? I doubt it.

It seems to me that Senator Borah's instincts are the right instincts for America in the present crisis. The participation of the United States in the imperial coun-

cils and political procedure of the Geneva League of Nations—disregarding for a moment the imperfections of that organization and its fatal connection with the Treaty of Versailles—would greatly retard the whole process of Americanization or what may be called the de-Europeanizing of our immigrant populations, and poison what we like to believe were the friendlier channels of American life with ancient and corroding racial feuds older than America by far, and in very real sense antithetical to what we have idealized as the American spirit. Perhaps it is true that there is nothing as yet in the American spirit particularly sacred, or worthy of survival, or capable of survival. Perhaps the de-Europeanizing of our foreign populations as carried on by our sedulous Americanizers is tantamount to de-naturing, or de-civilizing them, to ironing them or starving them down to the flatness of material-minded, self-satisfied mediocrity. Perhaps we have nothing, after all, to offer the foreigner equivalent to the priceless heritage of art and poetry and romance which he is now asked to abandon in coming here. We cannot be sure. But if there is anything in America worth preserving as peculiarly American, worth cultivating and sacrificing for, there is certainly reason to believe that it will be much embarrassed and retarded by co-operating intimately with the military and political masters of Europe in the political organization which they necessarily dominate, whether or not it pretends to be an independent instrument of appeasement and of peace on earth. To co-operate with them morally in the outlawry of war, in the creation of international tribunals of arbitration with compulsory jurisdiction, and in the suppression of international plagues, is an entirely different matter and an undertaking in no sense alien to the American spirit. But the politics of Europe are old and divisive and hate-infused, and I venture to suggest that the considerations advanced in the foregoing paragraphs can not lightly be ignored by those who from choice or accident are committed to live in the United States of America and want to live here peacefully and to find some cultural satisfactions while they do so. For they are considerations which strike to the heart of our busy, composite life and of its sense of security, and challenge the unity and value of our growing national tradition.

To say this is in no sense to deny the imperative necessity of creating some genuine form of international control and the organization necessary to secure it. Unless some real measure of moral control of the aggressive and lawless military and economic forces which once again menace the peace of Europe and the world can be created and exercised on behalf of adjustment and moderation, it is not an exaggeration to say that civilized life on this planet is confronted with every probability of temporary extinction in a reversion to ravening barbarism and a new outburst of scientific horror and Christian cruelty. Nor is it in any way to disparage the admirable non-political undertakings of the existing Geneva League in the direction of the suppression of vicious traffics and menacing diseases, and in the investigation and attempted standardization of the conditions of labor throughout the world. In all of these non-political activities of the League the United States can and should, I believe, heartily participate. It is a source of gratification that so able a woman as Miss Grace Abbot has shared in the international conferences at Geneva called by the League to consider measures for the effective suppression of the White Slave traffic. All of this is to the good. But before America undertakes again to participate in the complex affairs and embittered political and military intrigues of Europe, it seems to me that it is the imperative lesson of our recent dismaying experience that we should define precisely what it is that we wish to stand for and accomplish in the world, and what purposes we wish American power to support and advance. And it is equally imperative to the success of American statesmanship that we should unambiguously declare those purposes and limit our political co-operation with Europe to the measures, and solely to the measures, which the best wisdom and experience among us recognize to be necessary in order to achieve them. To do less than this is to fail ignominiously in our duty to the world and to ourselves. To do more than this at the present moment, and particularly to enter the present League with the fond assumption that in so doing we would be contributing to the organized peace and freedom of the world, would be to blunder naïvely into entanglements and disasters which no man can foresee, to blunder with our heads in the sands like dumb, driven ostriches—stupidly, weakly and perhaps irretrievably. Nor is this by any means the sole opportunity for the exercise of American leadership in the present crisis.

(To be continued.)

BRENT DOW ALLINSON.

The President Passes On

In the golden state of California, whose balmy air has restored health to thousands, Warren G. Harding, our beloved Chief Executive, answered the final call of his Maker, on Thursday evening, August 2nd. To Jewish people this blow comes with added force because President Harding, in addition to his many other admirable qualities, has been unusually responsive in every matter of religious tolerance.

We Jews gratefully remember a gentle and kind President, who appointed only Jews of the highest integrity to high office. Albert D. Lasker of Chicago, and Meyer Lissner, of Los Angeles, to the Shipping Board, and Rabbi Joseph S. Kornfeld, of Columbus, Minister to Persia, represent the finest type of American citizenship, because of the sacrifices they make to accept these posts of responsibility. Soon after the President was inaugurated, I asked him if a certain colored man of the highest integrity would be appointed to office, and he replied in the affirmative, saying, "He represents what is best in the colored people, and I shall certainly recognize him." So, with our Jewish interests, the President realized that he would have rendered us a disservice by appointing cheap and petty Jewish politicians to high office.

The saddest part of the President's taking off is understood when we remember that on Wednesday, the day before he died, he was to have addressed a committee of Northern California ministers on the subject of peace. Thirty-one religious denominations answered the call for a meeting with the President. Our joint committee was appointed, and suitable resolutions were drawn up. We were to hear from the

President's own lips what the religious forces of America could accomplish in fighting for peace. What the President would have said on that occasion may never be known, because the speech, if written out, has not been published. Very likely that speech would have been epoch-making in its consequences, because efforts for world peace are just now at a standstill. Apparently President Wilson's League of Nations is dead, and the World Court idea, sponsored in February by both President Harding and Secretary Hughes, was fatally amended by the President in his St. Louis speech of June 21st. He then proposed separating the Court from the League of Nations by allowing the Judges of the Court full power to fill vacancies. This additional thought was very likely offered to reconcile differences within the Republican party, but it has completely driven Democratic senators from supporting the President. A two-thirds vote for ratification in the senate is utterly impossible.

In this crisis it is very likely that the President on Wednesday would have commenced once again to labor for World Peace. Perhaps he would have urged the clergymen to stand together as one man and oppose future wars; he would have received the united support, undoubtedly, of all churches, because the mighty utterances of the Hebrew prophets against war belong to all the great religious denominations. In the spirit of Warren Harding, we must "carry on," and pray that the force of public opinion, which can outlaw war, will quickly be solidified and made all powerful. It was just this point of awakening public opinion that I wanted to bring to the President's earnest attention. Calling at the Hotel Wednesday afternoon, I was told to come back Friday, when he might be strong enough to grant me a brief interview. It was my purpose to remind him of the plan proposed by S. O. Levinson, of Chicago, to outlaw war. One hundred years ago, slavery was recognized as an accepted institution, but public opinion has been educated, and slavery has been wiped out in this and other civilized lands. A century ago, duelling was the custom, but public opinion has travelled far away from that barbaric method of settling disputes, and this generation knows nothing thereof. Why can we not in the same way, make an end to war, and substitute instead the rule of law? When Kaiser Wilhelm, nine years ago last week, declared war, he did a perfectly legal thing. Public opinion should render war illegal. For over forty centuries war has been the only arbiter between contending forces. It has never satisfactorily nor justly settled a dispute. Its cost in money, in property and human lives is now appalling. Why not try some other method than the one way which animals know?

Alas, that the President should be cut down at this moment. His unspoken word, in the physical sense, has died with him. But is not his translation a direct challenge to all countrymen who know that he died for us? He exhausted his physical strength, laboring in the White House and then travelling to the uttermost ends of this country to meet American citizens. Let us pay fitting tribute to his memory, not by lip praises, but by a high resolve that the text of that unspoken address, seeking international peace, shall become the beacon light to guide our future acts. Then, the President will not have lived in vain, and Warren G. Harding, from beyond the grave, will live in death even more mightily than ever during his lifetime. God rest his tired soul and send His ministering angels to solace and also strengthen his bereaved and sore-stricken widow.

RUDOLPH I. COFFEE.

Temple Sinai, Oakland, Cal.

THE STUDY TABLE

New Books

"India in World Politics,"[1] by a brilliant young Indian writer, is an assault upon the very idea of imperialism. In the introduction by Prof. Robert Morss Lovett we read:

> The question of imperialism therefore—and if history means anything this is a question which the world must continue to face with arms until it is settled by reason—is peculiarly a question of India, and the freedom of India is thus essentially an interest of the world.

The book is addressed primarily to Great Britain, second to India, third to the world. It is an appeal for Indian freedom. Das sees four possibilities for India:

1. By using force, India may be kept in subjection for some time, without any voice in the direction of her own affairs.
2. India may be conquered by some other power defeating Britain.
3. India may enjoy as much self-government as is consistent with the interest of the British imperial system.
4. India may become free and independent from all foreign yokes and establish a Federated Republic of the United States of India.

It is the latter for which Mr. Das hopes. In interesting and convincing fashion he traces the interest of Britain in India and shows how Britain has faced the world with reference to it. The possession of India has dictated the policies of England from the beginning, it has been the cornerstone of British diplomacy. To hold India, to keep the way thither open, has been and is her great concern. It is as true today as ever.

> It was for the sake of Indian security that Britain made a compromise with Ireland. It is because of India that Britain has given so much consideration to Egypt. It is the question of imperial interests in India that caused Britain to strive for an understanding with Afghanistan. It is because of India that Britain shows an apparently conciliatory spirit towards the Arabs, at the same time establishing military air routes from Alexandria to Karachi. It is to strengthen her position in India that Britain has taken Tibet within her fold and is continuously encroaching in Southern China and the Malayan peninsula, by building impregnable naval bases, especially at Singapore.

Throughout his work Das makes the appeal to India to develop diplomatic, political and economic relations with other nations. It is not easy to see how this can be done. Will not Britain, at every hint of such independent action, circumvent the endeavor? The length to which Das believes Britain will go to hold India throttled is shown in his suggestion—

> There is a good prospect for an Anglo-German-Russian-Japanese-American understanding to crown the success of British diplomacy and to strengthen British world domination through her navalism, militarism, and air forces.

That England will use such a combination to achieve her ends is quite possible. She is skillful in getting others to fight her battles. If she finds she cannot secure her purpose through friendly co-operation and subordination, she will set the United States and

[1] "India in World Politics." Taraknath Das. New York: 1923. B. W. Huebsch, Inc. 16mo; pp. xvii, 135.

Japan at each other's throats. It will gain the desired end, but it would injure British trade, while the war lasted.

In 1824, there was a bitter controversy in Europe over the Liberator, Simon Bolivar. Benjamin Constant voiced the opposition and the Abbe de Pradt took up the defense. It was at this juncture that a notable Brazilian, José Ignacio de Aubreu y Lima, who had fought in the liberating army, was asked by Bolivar himself to write a statement, supported by documents for use by Abbe de Pradt. Was this statement printed at the time? It may have been published in London, but seems to be quite unknown to the bibliographers who have devoted themselves to the literature of the Liberator. Whether it was printed then or not, the work remains in manuscript today and is preserved in the library of the *Instituto archeologico geographico pernambucano* of Pernambuco. Dr. Diego Carbonell, to whose work and works we have often referred, while he was rector of the University of the Andes, at Merida, Venezuela, is today the Minister of Venezuela to Brazil. Notwithstanding the demands made upon his time and strength by his official duties, he has given attention to literary and historical matters in his new field, associating himself with the intellectual movement of the country to which he is accredited. He has done much to cement the connection between Venezuela and Brazil and through addresses and articles has sought to increase understanding. He wrote a series of magazine articles upon the literary, scientific and economic conditions in Venezuela, which were afterward reprinted in book form. He now does a patriotic service in publishing this study by de Abreu y Lima, from the Pernambuco manuscript.[2] He does it in connection with the Brazilian centenary celebration, as a tribute of respect and to show the sympathy of the government and people of Venezuela for Brazil in her hour of rejoicing. It is a graceful act. A Brazilian, a hundred years ago aided Venezuela in her struggle and came to the personal defense of the Liberator; today, a Venezuelan diplomat recognizes that service and strengthens the bonds of international friendship by publishing that defense, with the approval and support of his government. The work is prefaced by a long and interesting historical discussion, in Portuguese, by Goulart de Andrade of the Brazilian Academy of Letters. Dr. Carbonell contributes a statement of the conditions under which the work was written and a biographical sketch of José Ignacio de Abreu y Lima. The work was worth publishing and adds an interesting item to the long list of works regarding Bolivar. But the interesting fact is that a diplomatic official finds such a service within the field of his legitimate labors. We wish that diplomatic servants generally would do similar good service to letters and the cause of international friendship.

The emeritus president of Western Reserve University gives us a book of intense interest in "Human Australasia," [3] which he calls "studies of society and education." No part of the white man's world is more interesting; few parts are less known to American readers. Yet in Australia and New Zealand experiments of the boldest kind in society, in industrialism and in politics are being tried. Thwing calls these lands "the final outpost of Anglo-Saxon civilization" —a phrase that is susceptible of more than one meaning. He gives a sympathetic and, on the whole, hopeful discussion of conditions and trends. There is a great difference between Australia and New Zealand and two different types of man, of life, of government, are being there developed. Both are resolved, however, to be and to remain "white men's lands." This attitude is the first subject discussed by Dr. Thwing and while he discusses the question fairly enough, he is favorable to it. Passing on to the industrial experiments, he considers them but partly successful. Even New Zealand, Henry D. Lloyd's "country without strikes," seems not to deserve that name. In fact, strikes are common in both countries and, while they are not attended by violence (as frequently happens among us), they are exhibitions of an unrest that ensures future trouble. In education, religion and literature, our author tells much of interest. The serious problem of education seems to be better appreciated in New Zealand than in Australia; religion is at rather low ebb; a true literature has hardly begun. There is, indeed, in Australia a lot of versification.

> In Australia poetry is cultivated in both its writing and its popular reading, to a unique degree, a degree unique in certain respects among all the people of the world. Poetry is more generally read in Australasia than in any other part of the world, and there it is the most generally read of all types of literature.

Australian poetry "belongs to a democratic race of pioneers." Chapters in the book are devoted to the newspaper and to gambling. As to the latter—

> The Australian is a good sport. He knows that he is and he prides himself on it. Gambling he regards as neither a vice nor a sin. It is, therefore, for him less disintegrating to character and less demoralizing to individual conduct and public welfare than if, accepting the Puritan interpretation, he indulged in it.

On the whole, our author believes that the British types evolving in Australasia promise large for the future. The one thing he blinks, or overlooks, is the fact that they are interlopers; their development and success, with their present bias, means hindrance and serious crippling to the natural advance and legitimate expansion of the three great masses of human population in India, China and Japan. Are a successful Australia and New Zealand worth their price?

Orient, a magazine of art and culture, is the official organ of the Orient Society.[4] The aims and ideals of the organization are "to promote a better understanding of the art and ideals of the Orient and the right interchange of the different cultural polarities of the East and the West so as to bring about a harmony between them." In order to accomplish these ends, the society undertakes the publication of the magazine and holds social gatherings, lectures and entertainments. There are regular, and sustaining, memberships. The former secures the magazine and notices of all activities; the latter secures the magazine and free admission to all functions and entertainments. The offices of the society are at 132 Nassau St., New York, where full information may be had. The first issue of *Orient* is before us. It is handsomely illustrated with reproductions of pieces of Oriental sculpture and painting, which have no special relation to the text articles. These include papers by Claude Bragdon, Ananda Coomaraswamy and other writers, only in part originally printed here. The magazine is to be

[2] "Résumen Historico de la Ultima Dictadura del Libertador Simon Bolivar." José Ignacio de Abreu y Lima. With biography and notes by Diego Carbonell. Rio de Janeiro: 1922. "O Norte" 16mo; pp. cxxvii, 308.

[3] "Human Australasia: Studies of Society and Education." Charles Francis Thwing. New York: 1923. The Macmillan Co. 16mo; pp. (i), 270.

[4] *Orient*, A Magazine of Art and Culture. Edited by Hari G. Govil. New York: 1923. (132 Nassau St.) 8vo; pp. 32. Bimonthly.

issued as a bi-monthly and is under the editorship of Hari G. Govil. The first number is strongly Indian, but there are two contributions from a Chinese, Tien Tao Liu. Any movement tending towards a true sympathy between East and West deserves encouragement and we wish the Orient Society and *Orient* much success.

A rather formidable committee, including many well known names, has been organized to study "the tobacco problem." Its first printed results form a book, "Tobacco and Mental Efficiency," by Prof. O'Shea of the University of Wisconsin.[5] The author has performed his work with conscience. The book falls into three parts—data derived from observation, introspection and biography, data derived from school and college records, and data derived from the psychological laboratory. The report seems to us an admirable case of the mountain laboring and producing a mouse. Personal opinions are conflicting; men and women of ability diverge; some find tobacco an aid—almost a necessity, others see it only as a curse. School records are in greater agreement but when critically examined lose much of their apparent force. The lack of result, however, is most painful in the third direction of investigation, the psychical experiments. Here are investigations with delicate and ingenious instruments, under carefully arranged conditions of control, recorded and collated with care, but leading to indecisive results. The effects of tobacco were often almost nil, sometimes conflicting, rarely if ever decisive. The sum of the whole matter seems to come to this—tobacco affects different persons differently; it helps some and hinders others; on the whole it is best that young people should refrain from its use. All of which we had at the start. Your reviewer does not use tobacco: save for a youthful period of months, he has never used it. The chief impression he gets from the reading of this report is that the effect of tobacco is naught but selective; it is symtomatic of individual peculiarities, rather than actually harmful. He waits patiently for more light. Meantime, he hopes that the existence of this committee and the publication of this report do not herald a prohibitory campaign. He makes a plea for some self-indulgence. Let us still do some things because we enjoy them. The worship of efficiency, the legal production of a joyless perfection, surely cannot be man's highest aim. Are we mere machines, cogs in wheels, merely to be adjusted to run smoothly? Is a kind of maximum mechanical output the only end to be sought? There was once such a thing as the joy of living. Is it to forever disappear?

The interest in Spanish as a study in schools continues and leads to a large output of texts by the bookhouses. None has been more active in meeting the need than the house of Benj. H. Sanborn and Co., which is issuing a long list under the general title of "The Hispanic Series." [6] This is under the editorial supervision of Prof. John D. FitzGerald of the University of Illinois. It includes grammars, readers, works on teaching Spanish, texts selected from the literature of Spain and of Spanish-American countries. The three latest numbers in the series are editions of good authors in quite diverse fields of writing. "Marcela" is a little play by Bretón de los Herreros, who surpassed in depicting characters in the common life of his time; "El Capitán Veneno" is a novel by Antonio Alarcón; "Short Stories" is a selection from the writings of Antonio de Trueba, a man from the Basque provinces, who delighted in picking up the quaint and poignant stories of his home district to spoil them by pointing a moral at the end. These volumes are excellently edited and are accompanied by the necessary introductory information, notes, comments, and drill exercises. All are supplied with vocabulary.

Prof. Manley is not only happy in his selection of the text for his new French reader, he is also happy in his editing of it. He calls attention to the fact that most reading books in French literature are comedies or love stories and believes it desirable that something else should be offered to students in order to fairly show the French genius. He has accordingly taken "Les Ravageurs" by Jean Henri Fabre, as a text for editing.[7] It is the simplest of Fabre's insect studies. It is not too far advanced for second year students; it is interesting in material and in style; the student who reads it, is not only learning French, but is acquiring facts and coming into contact with one of the finest of French prose writers. Everyone knows something of Fabre and his writings. "Les Ravageurs" is a book intended primarily for children and written in the form of familiar dialogue. Its vocabulary is somewhat technical, but limited. There is here the usual biographical sketch of the author; the text follows, uninterrupted by footnotes, all comment or explanation being gathered together at the end of the text; the questions based on the text (in French and for conversational drill), the exercises and the presentation of irregular verbs, are admirable and show the conscientious care characteristic of all of Prof. Manley's work. The book is unpretentious and modest, but is a work of scholarship and deserves a wide use.

New "tests" from the World Book Co. are the "Wilson Language Error Test" and the "Pintner-Cunningham Primary Mental Test."[8] Both seem practical and serviceable. "The Wilson Language Error Test is designed to detect common language errors so that the teacher may know definitely just what help or special drill to give students." It is meant for grades from the third to the twelfth. The other test is intended to test the intelligence of little children, those who do not know how to read, and should be helpful to kindergartners and teachers of the first and second grades.

FREDERICK STARR.

TO A SUMMER SHOWER.

When I hear the rain,
To me, as to the thirsty trees and flowers,
Comes hope's refrain.

When I hear the rain,
The world once more seems free, and kind, and calm,
Subdued its pain.

When I hear the rain,
Alas! comes stabbing tho't of blood soaked fields;
Oh! nevermore may thy fair drops find war's dread
soil again.

SARA GERTRUDE HARRINGTON.

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[5] "Tobacco and Mental Efficiency." M. V. O'Shea. New York: 1923. The Macmillan Co. 16mo; pp. xx, 258.

[6] "The Hispanic Series." "Short Stories." Antonio de Trueba. Edited by John Van Horne. 1922. 16mo; pp. xxxvii, 229. "El Capitán Veneno." Antonio de Alarcón. Edited by Percy Bentley Burnet. 1921. 16mo; pp. xi, 257. "Marcela, o cual de lostres?" Bretón de los Herreros. Edited by William S. Hendrix. 1922. 16mo; pp. xviii, 221. All from Benj. W. Sanborn Co., Chicago-New York-Boston.

[7] "Les Ravageurs." Jean Henri Fabre. Edited by Edward Manley. Chicago-New York-Boston: 1923. Benj. H. Sanborn Co. 16mo; pp. xvii, 215.

[8] "Wilson Language Error Test." G. M. Wilson. Yonkers-on-Hudson: 1923. 8vo; (pp. 14). "Pintner-Cunningham Primary Mental Test." Rudolf Pintner and Bess V. Cunningham. Yonkers-on-Hudson: 1923. 16mo; (pp. 26). Both from the World Book Co.

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

BIRTHDAYS IN SEPTEMBER OF POLITICAL PRISONERS

Birthdays in September of political prisoners confined in American prisons are announced by the Workers' National Prison Comfort Club, 2923 Chestnut St., Milwaukee, Wisconsin, as follows:

At Leavenworth, Kansas, Box No. 7—
September 5—Harry Lloyd, Reg. No. 13164.
September 13—Roy P. Conner, No. 13564; Pete DeBernard, No. 13565.
At San Quentin Prison, San Quentin, Cal.—
September 14—Mickey J. Dunn, No. 35564.
September 15—Frank Bailey, No. 37647.
At Kern County Jail, Bakersfield, Cal.—
September 8—Felix Thornton.
At Sioux Falls, South Dakota, Box 911—
September 17—Frank Godlasky.
At Represa, Cal., Folsom Prison—
September 22—Louis Allen, No. 12026.

Cora Meyer, National Secretary, invites friends and sympathizers to send birthday cards and letters to these political prisoners. Money is advisable for gifts. Books and publications must be sent directly from the publishers.

James Price, who recently was remembered, writes: "The many remembrances were as a slender stream of golden star-dust that flashed across the dull greyness of the bars, softening for a moment their harsh, hard bleakness."

Warren K. Billings writes: "It is a great pleasure to be thus remembered by friends throughout the country, and I appreciate the attention. Shall be delighted to hear from them any time they feel inclined to write."

C. Meyer, *Sec'y.*

YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY.

Alexis and Olga were the children of wealthy parents in a high position. Their father was a man of importance. They lived in a beautiful large house with many, many rooms which were full of lovely furniture and nice things to look at, pictures, books and ornaments. And then there was the garden, the big old garden with such wonderful hiding places that it was a joy to play hide and seek in it. And when they were tired of that game they would have a swing or go to the kennels and have a talk with the dogs or slip round to the stables where Ivan, the coachman, was grooming the horses. He would tell them all sorts of queer exciting things and sometimes he would lift them on their little ponies and the groom would take them out for a ride. Such a comfortable Russian home it was and they were leading a life as happy as any children on God's earth. In their big sunny nursery nurses were looking after them and a kind governess took them out for walks and visits to little friends and played with them at playtime. And such toys they had! Toys in plenty, beautiful dolls and trains and picture books, in fact all the things that delight a child's heart. Their table was always full of nice food at mealtime and uncles and aunts would spoil them with sweets and chocs. And the romps they had with the children that came to see them! When they fell ill, a doctor was called in, who did his best to get them well and when they were convalescent, mother took them to the seaside or to some watering place, until their health was completely restored and they were as gay and happy as before. In the winter when it was so cold outside, the house was beautifully snug and warm and when they went out they were wrapped in thick furs and warm boots and it was so nice to walk about on the crisp, crackling snow or glide about in sledges and listen to the jolly tinkling of the bells, which the horses had round their neck. Yes, that was a happy time and a joy to be alive!

One day there was a great change. War had come, the revolution had come, pogroms and other terrible things. The children did not know what all this meant. They only heard their parents talking about them and they saw that they made them anxious and sad. Then they vaguely felt that things had changed and were no longer as they had been. They would ask for milk and were not given any; they would ask for a piece of cake and mother gave them a crust of bread instead. All that was most puzzling to them. Then one evening father did not come home and mother, her eyes red with tears, hastily packed a few things in a box and bundled the children off to the station and into a train, where they were crowded together with other people and children, looking scared and frightened. Here they would sit day and night, mother listless and lending no ear to their questions and demands. Whatever was the meaning of all this? Then one day they were taken out of the train and they found themselves in a land where people talked in a queer way that they could not understand. One day their mother, who had grown very thin and pale, was taken away and soon after they were told that she had died. They hardly knew what this meant and altogether they felt dazed and confused by all these new experiences. Then a man arrived and took them together with a number of other Russian boys and girls to some ugly house which frightened them and led them down some steps into a dimly lighted cellar. The water was running down the walls and a nasty smell filled the air. And it was so cold, so bitterly cold. They looked for a stove, but found none. There was one room for the boys and one for the girls. For a bed they were shown a straw mattress lying on the bare floor with nothing but a thin blanket for a covering. However they were worn out and dead tired after their journey and fell asleep without undressing, because some children, who had been there before told them that there were no nighties to be had. Next morning for breakfast they

CORRESPONDENCE

OIL IN ARMENIA.

Editor of Unity:

I must reply to your letter for if I do not you will think that I agree and accept what you have written, whereas I do not, not even in the least. At the same time that I received your letter, I received also one from a lady in Australia whom I did not know at all but who had written to me after reading something that I had written. She is a very noble woman and she is working in the cause and for the relief of those most cruelly wronged peoples of the earth, the Christians of the Near East. Her letter was like a little balm on burning wounds; your letter was like pepper on the same wounds. I read one after the other.

The Turkish massacres of Christians, particularly of the Armenians, have not been, as you say, "exaggerated"; on the contrary, half of the hideous cruel story has never gone into print: indeed there are Turkish atrocities so revolting that they could never be put into print.

In sections of the American press they are busy whitewashing Turkish atrocities. Why? Because there is *Oil* in the three provinces of Armenia allotted to the Armenians by the Sèvres Treaty, but which also are included in the Chester Grant. By reason of the nearness of these Armenian provinces to the Black Sea and the Mediterranean, the *Oil* in Armenia is more valuable than the Oil in Mosul. Therefore we are having articles like the one you sent me, in the American press, and also those extraordinary articles in *Current History*, written by Admiral Chester, his son Arthur Chester, Clair Price, etc., etc. Besides the *Oil*, the Chester Concessions contain the *Copper Mines* near Kharput (American Missionary name Harpoot), one of the provinces of Armenia included in the French Concession, and *Railways* to begin from Cilicia, the southernmost province of Armenia on the Mediterranean, to Samsun on the Black Sea; the Railways traverse Armenia across and athwart, therefore the Armenians, the legitimate and lawful heirs of Armenia, were murdered and driven out of that country which was theirs for 3,000 (three thousand) years before the Turkish hoofs cursed their soil and trampled even the last blade of grass that grew on it.

Now the concession hunters must go marching over the bones of a murdered people, over soil drenched with the blood of Abel! Well! we can only hope in God.

During the decades of preparation for the war that burst in 1914 the United States had no part, but the United States has now part in the preparations that are going on for the next war, for the Chester Concessions are part of the preparations that are going on for the next War.

Yours sincerely,

Diana Agabeg Apcar.

P. S.—I recommend you to read the Duke of Argyle's book, "Our Responsibility for Turkey"; you will then have some idea of the characters of Sir Henry Elliott and Mr. Layard, whom the writer of the article you sent me quotes for whitewashing the Turks. As for Voltaire, the world knows what he was.

were given a thick pap, made of flour and water and the same dish appeared again for dinner with only a few potatoes added to it and at night a thin soup and a slice of bread. And so it went on day after day, week after week, except for the fact that bread was only doled out twice a week. Occasionally a little dried fruit would be added to the pap to make it a little more tasty, but neither meat, milk, sugar or fat ever appeared on the table and yet when they were taken for a walk occasionally they noticed in the shops, with their eyes glued to the windows, all sorts of those good things which they once enjoyed in their parents' home. Why were they never given any of them? They could not make it out. When they asked for them, they were told that they were only for people with plenty of money and that even in the country where they were now living, there were very few rich enough to be able to afford them and that many children of their own class had to go without. Nobody asked them to go to school, only sometimes a teacher would come to give them a lesson with the other children, but what was the use of it! They felt much too weak and hungry to take any interest in it. When any child fell ill there was no doctor to take care of them and no medicine to make them well. Their clothes got worn and torn and there was nobody to mend them or give them new ones. So finally they had to walk about in rags like the rest of them. They never saw any soap to wash themselves with and so they gradually forgot what it meant to be clean and tidy. By and by their mind grew dull and stupified and all they could do was to look listlessly at a world which they could not understand.

Just imagine for a second that all this had happened to your own Jack and Mary. Would you not be grateful if some stranger came along stretching out a helping hand to them, to make life bearable once more for them? Why not try and be that stranger to Alexis and Olga and send a contribution to the American Committee for the Relief and Education of Russian Refugee Children in Germany.

Will you help?

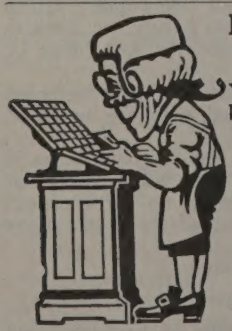
The children need food and clothes!

They will grow up uncared for, without education, unless America helps.

Will you come forward and spare some cents?

6 cents a day will feed a child.

Checks should be made payable to Committee, 17 Battery Place, New York City.



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